

Animals

OUR DUMB

MARCH 1956



"WATCH THE BIRDIE, NOW!" (See page 4)

—Photo, Walter R. Fleischer

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.

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Labor of Love

A SHORT time ago a member of our Society said to us, "It must be difficult to operate a Society these days faced as you are with constant increases in costs, especially in salaries!"

We wish we could have told our good member that the modest salaries of our employees had kept pace with the present cost of living — but we had to explain that we could only do the best possible under the circumstances and still continue our many-fold services for animals — and even that is only possible because of the continued interest and devotion of our members and friends who, like our employees, are moved by the same feeling and attitude toward our animal friends.

Working for Humane Societies and S.P.C.A.'s is really a "labor of love."

Some people are born to be artists, lawyers or skilled artisans — and some would seem to be born humane workers. They possess an infinite kindness and understanding of all animals and a strong, unseen bond exists between them.

In our day, we have known brilliant minds and magnificent characters who could have earned many times what humane societies paid them — but who could be happy nowhere but in a society for the protection of animals. We have known many others who willingly risked life and limb to rescue some unfortunate creature — did it, not for glory or publicity, but because it had to be done!

A labor of love, indeed — these noble workers in all parts of the country deserve our gratitude and appreciation. They are truly able servants in a noble cause.

E. H. H.



Here's "Mulita" in person, stealing the spotlight.

Mule Goes "Up-Stage"

By Jim Farley

CHRISTMAS had a special meaning for one household out in South Woodstock, Vermont. I realize that this is the way a good many post-Christmas stories begin. This isn't going to be that sort, although, for all I know, it may have been an affecting one for the household in question. It's hard to know unless you've happened to live in a household with a midget mule.

The midget mule belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Lovett Garceau and is named, appropriately enough, "Mulita." I've never seen a midget mule, but Mr. Garceau tells me that Mulita is approximately 28 inches high. Mulita's mother was a Shetland pony and her father was a Sicilian donkey.

Mulita has belonged to the Garceaus since 1947, and has been a well-loved and tractable pet. Her main mission in life has been a genteel one, that of being a companion and stable-mate of Mrs. Garceau's American-bred saddle horse. The horse, incidentally, recently passed its 32nd birthday, which is quite a venerable milestone in equine circles.

It was some time before Christmas that the wheel of events began spinning out a change in Mulita's life. The Universalist church in Woodstock planned to stage a Nativity play for the day before Christmas. To add a touch of realism to the manger scene the play's director approached the Garceaus to see if Mulita might be added to the cast.

The Garceaus agreed and it was decided to try Mulita for a few rehearsals to see if she had proper stage presence. The rehearsals went off fine and Mulita

soon became well acquainted with the two principals, Dr. Ben Penny as Joseph and Miss Christine Cashion, Mary.

On the evening of the performance, Mulita was loaded in the Garceau jeep and driven to the church. There, throughout the performance, she behaved with all the aplomb of an old troupier. She stood perfectly still, in the proper reverential attitude, with only her long ears doing a quiet and steady semaphore.

One other part of Mulita's anatomy was moving—her jaws. Dr. Penny was surreptitiously slipping her ginger snaps throughout the play as an added inducement for good behavior.

Mulita's performance was roundly applauded and at the play's conclusion the audience rushed out of the building to watch her being reloaded into the jeep and to tender further murmurs of admiration.

The trip home was uneventful, but things haven't been the same since at the Garceau household. Away from the footlights and greasepaint, Mulita became a changed midget mule.

Out in the stables, temperament got the upper hand with Mulita. She chased the goat out of his stall, kicked the horses, wouldn't let the Garceaus come near her. Mr. Garceau reported that she's become somewhat better of late and now will tolerate the horses.

But after all, when a nine-year-old dark brown mule with four white feet makes a hit on her first stage appearance, she's earned a right to rebel at stables. Once a troupier, always a troupier.

—Claremont Daily Eagle

Our Cover

OUR cover picture this month is being used through the courtesy of Walter R. Fleischer, Harvard, Massachusetts, who is associated with the Harvard University News Office. Mr. Fleischer used this picture as the attractive subject on his personal Christmas cards.

In his letter Mr. Fleischer says:

"'Hattie,' the Collie, whose full name is 'Shaker Hill's Sister Hattie,' is a recent addition to my family. She was four months old when I acquired her in October; according to her papers she is sable and white, but I'm inclined to refer to her as a 'strawberry blond' and, of course, the most beautiful dog in the world.

"'Dynamite,' the Persian, more frequently referred to as 'Puss,' is an active old man of thirteen years, is black, brown, tan, and a single whimsical touch of white. That he weighs between twenty-five and thirty pounds makes most newcomers wonder if he is really a cat and, when reassured they invariably comment to the effect that he's the biggest cat they've ever seen. Even then, only a cat lover can appreciate his weighty magnificence. That Puss is a Texas cat, of course, accounts for his size.

"Puss, having ruled the roost for the last six years, has gone through some amusing reactions to the 'new baby.' At first there was offended resignation to what may have been an overnight, or at most, week-end guest. Then came intense dislike, marked by spitting, cuffing, and the like. After this, the readjustment period with overtures of slight chirpings, and tolerance of Hattie's enthusiasm. All the various periods were marked by less aloofness towards me—for I was now a person with divided affection and whose attention must be attracted instead of expected. They aren't sleeping together yet, and I honestly don't know whether or not they will—but . . . !

"In taking the picture, Puss turned out to be no problem at all. He was placed on the chair and shifted his position only to be comfortable. Hattie was a little bewildered by the procedure, but it took only a few trials, with the aid of some well placed dog candy, to get the right shot. When I started to dismantle my equipment, Puss calmly got up and left the room, while Hattie hung around expectantly, waiting, no doubt, for more dog candy."



Here is a beaver busily peeling a stick for use in his lodge.

A Few Famous Animal

Home Builders

By Jewell Casey

IN these days of housing shortages, if man could solve our housing problems as easily and efficiently as do the so-called "dumb" animals, there would be few people without homes.

Many of the larger animals, such as bears, wolves and members of the cat family, do little toward actual construction of houses. Instead they find caves, ledges, or tree trunks that meet their requirements for shelter for their young.

Squirrels, raccoons and o'possums solve their housing needs by finding suitable hollows in trees.

There are several animals, however, that spend much time and effort in building living quarters.

Perhaps the beaver is the most famous of all home builders. It constructs the largest house of any rodent. One beaver lodge may measure twelve or fifteen feet across, and be several feet high. The lodge is cleverly built of peeled sticks and plastered with mud.

Inside the lodge are rounded rooms, two to six feet in diameter. The number of rooms to a lodge varies, but there are usually three or four, and sometimes even more. Each room has a separate entrance, which opens into a common passageway leading to the outside.

There are usually two or more entrance passages to the lodge, and are always under water. In warm weather there may be several passages in the outside wall of the lodge. However, with the coming of winter the industrious

beavers plaster mud over every crack, except those left for ventilation purposes, and of course the regular entrances.

The white-throated wood rat is another noted home builder. This animal is usually regarded with disfavor, yet it is one of our most entertaining rodents. His home is in the desert, and there one may see mounds of cactus branches, sticks and other similar material, piled five feet or more in height, usually under a large cactus or perhaps a mesquite tree.

The little resident of the desert has many enemies, and in order to have a place to rear its helpless young, and also shelter from the intense heat, it must have a house — more than just a make-shift.

The wood rat gathers all available material into a huge pile, and underneath in almost exact center, it digs a shallow trench. The trench is filled with shredded cactus fibers, fine grasses and other soft material until a very compact nest is made. The loosely constructed home provides shelter from direct sun rays, and the grassy nest provides some degree of insulation, how-

ever, there is little circulation of air in the small compact structure. With the protective mound of prickly pear, cholla cactus joints and other cactus, the nest is comparatively safe from enemies, and is a work of rare skill and ingenuity.

The golden mouse, found in the Southeastern States, builds a dainty hanging nest, high—and far out—on the tip of a cypress limb, or in a dense growth of thorn or brier. It is a small, rounded nest, just about the size of a baseball which might easily be mistaken for a small bird's nest. The pretty little house built by the tree-living mice is usually woven of finely shredded bark and Spanish moss.

Prairie dogs, those cunning, noisy, little rodents, build a complex series of living quarters, nurseries and rooms for storing food underground. Not only do the animals sleep and rear their young in these underground chambers, but the adult animals take refuge in them at any time during the day when danger threatens.

Muskrats, ground squirrels, moles and numerous other animals are also home builders, using materials provided for by nature.



New Medical Term

KATHERINE GOVE of Randolph, Massachusetts, knows a young fellow in her town, Jackie Kelly, whose dog was taken to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, in Boston, for an operation. Jackie worried a good deal about his pet and the day after the operation, he got on the 'phone. The conversation between a doctor at the Hospital and the 5-year-old, went like this:

Doctor: "Hello."

Jackie: "Hello. How's my dog?"

Doctor: "Who are you?"

Jackie: "I'm Jackie Kelly."

Doctor: "What's your dog's name?"

Jackie: "Spottie Kelly."

Doctor: "Well, what's the matter with your dog?"

Jackie: "He got a rock in his bladder."

Doctor: "Rock in his bladder, huh? Oh, I think I know the case. Just a minute."

The doctor came back to the telephone to report that Spottie was making an uneventful recovery from the removal of a stone from its kidney.

Drawing and story reproduced through the courtesy of The Boston Post.

Meadow Lark's Triumph

By Lloyd C. Wright

STANDING in the doorway of my one-room cabin in Beaverhead County, Montana, I was startled when a Meadow Lark dropped to the ground almost directly in front of me. Quickly regaining its balance, the Lark ran directly between my legs into my cabin and under the bunk. Not more than two seconds later, a Goshawk (One of our more courageous and vicious hunters), swooped down to a perch in the scrub near the clearing. The Hawk eyed me suspiciously a few seconds, then not seeing its prey about, it jumped into the air, flying rapidly into the sky.

I searched the cabin for the Meadow Lark but gave up without success. Perhaps fifteen minutes later, I happened to look up from my job of wood-cutting and there was the Lark emerging from the doorway. It hesitated on the stoop, searching the area thoroughly in all directions; satisfied, it burst into song, and flew away still singing.

It's the Law, "Tabby"

By Jasper B. Sinclair

THE law-makers make no distinctions between family cats and strays. In Australia it has been solemnly ruled that you cannot legally throw things at cats serenading on your back fence. Off-key renditions by the felines are no excuse.

In France the law decrees the death penalty for all cats found more than 218 yards from home. M. Hersant, former president of the Society of Lawyers, is leading the present campaign for repeal of the legislation — the outcome of which will be eagerly awaited by cat lovers all over the world.

In ancient Egypt, on the other hand, the extreme penalty could be meted out to any person who harmed a cat. Pussy was greatly venerated by the Egyptians and considered sacred to Isis, or the moon, hence the protective measure.

Cats are legally employed in Britain's Parliament buildings. Their job is to hunt down rats and mice, for which they receive stipulated daily rations of milk and meat. This is what is known in feline circles as leading the life of Tabby.

Pampered Pigeons

By Ida M. Pardue

SOMETHING a little unusual in the way of bird refuges is the sanctuary located in a remote section of Mongolia.

Here, on the Khotan road in Eastern Turkestan, food, lodging and protection are offered to hundreds of pigeons—not because Mongolians are pigeon-fanciers—but because of an old legend.

The story goes that on this spot, a pair of pigeons flew from the heart of a slain warrior. Although it all happened long ago, the sanctuary has been kept up ever since.

No one would think of harming one of the birds. There are wooden shelters to protect them from the weather, and the people using the highway provide food. All travelers who pass along the road are expected to buy grain, which is sold for that purpose, and feed it to the pigeons.

We Visit "Mr. Blue" And His Pals

by W. A. Swallow



Who cares about any old photographer. Mr. Blue is only interested in that hand-out.



Buddy Bearskin and Sheila are all attention.



The horse that rises to the occasion.

NOW we believe all those stories about that lovable character, "Mr. Blue" that have been printed in *Our Dumb Animals* in the past. Why? Well, because we have met Mr. Blue and "Buddy Bearskin" in person, not to mention all the rest of their animal friends.

Yes, Mr. Blue is a real dog! We saw him with our own eyes last October when we were in Los Angeles attending the annual humane convention. We figured that this would be the one chance in a hundred of seeing those two "personages" whose stories have enchanted so many of our readers.

You see, Mr. Blue and Buddy Bearskin live in Chino, California, with their mistress and biographer, Ina Louez Morris. When we descended on their home one afternoon the dogs raced to greet us with enthusiastic barks and, we believe, with "thank you's" in their voices for our help in making them so famous. We shouted, "There's Mr. Blue! Hi, Mr. Blue! Hi!" which is a quotation from our favorite story, "Mr. Blue, the Show-Off."

Chino is about forty miles west of Hollywood and when we got there we had a little difficulty finding the house, at first, because it is rather on the outskirts of the town. But, as we approached, we spotted a sign that read, "Drive Slowly—Blind Dog" and we knew immediately that this was where Buddy Bearskin lives.

As soon as the dogs had emitted their first welcoming barks, Mrs. Morris, emerged to greet us and to introduce us to all the animals, and we do mean *all* the animals for, besides Mr. Blue and Buddy Bearskin, we met her two horses; "Bessie," the cow; "Susie," the Berkshire sow and her eight little piglets, who, by the way, are Mr. Blue's special care when Susie will allow, and last but not least, "Sheila," a beautiful Irish setter, whom Mrs. Morris adopted not long ago.

And speaking of Buddy Bearskin, you would hardly know that he is blind at all. His sense of hearing and smell are so acute that he was right there with the rest of the gang when they begged for walnuts that we picked right off a tree in the back yard.

Busy as Mrs. Morris always is with helping her husband in his real estate business and her ever-increasing writing assignments, she still somehow finds the time to give a great deal of attention to the animals. The dogs are real dogs who rejoice in their freedom, but are well-mannered and obedient. One of the horses, as seen in the picture, will stand on his hind feet at his owner's command and Bessie recently gave birth to a calf which lived only through the ministrations of Mrs. Morris.

It is, indeed, a charming family with Mrs. Morris, a gracious hostess and the dogs a welcoming committee and receiving line, all in one.



—Boston Record-American Photo

Dr. Eric H. Hansen, President of the Society, addressing a Legislative Committee at the State House, in Boston.

Kings of the Animal World

ALL is not democracy in animaland. It still has a surprising number of "kings" among the creatures of land, sea and air.

The eagle, which Wordsworth described as "lord above," has long been poetically known as the "king of birds." Leo the lion is universally acknowledged to be the "king of beasts" and "king of the jungles." Actually, Leo is not the undisputed monarch of the jungles, but no mere human is going to argue the point with a lion.

There is a King snake and the feared King cobra among the reptiles, and a Kingbird and Kingfisher among our feathered friends. There is even the King vulture that lives alone with its mate in the solitude of the densest parts of the South American forests.

The crab family is headed by the King crab. The finny creatures include—of all things—the Kingfish himself, while a North Atlantic species of chimaera is more commonly known as the King of the Herrings.

At that, most of the kings in the animal world are anything but "kingly" in manner or disposition. They are kings in name only, which is quite a harmless arrangement.

—Jasper B. Sinclair

When Horses Train Salesmen

By Ralph R. Duniway

WHEN I moved from the West Coast to Midland, Michigan, I was surprised to see horses and wagons being used to deliver the milk. It seemed as though the hands of time had been moved backward. At home trucks have been universally used for such a long time, we never thought of anything else. The manager of the dairy spent an hour with me, explaining why the horse and wagon is here to stay.

First of all, a good horse may be purchased for \$75 or \$100, and the horse can probably work from 6 to 10 years. Wagons seem to last forever. Many are still in use today which were purchased 30 years ago!

A horse and wagon does not need an automobile license. Only the usual milk dealer's license is required. Insurance for the milk wagon is much less expensive than that required for a truck.

However, it costs just about as much to purchase oats and hay as it does to buy gas and oil. No saving on that item. The most troublesome feature about the horses is their shoes. Each week a blacksmith must inspect the horses' feet and tighten or replace worn shoes.

The manager of the dairy introduced me to some of the wagon drivers and they unanimously agreed they would rather use a horse than drive a truck. "I can deliver more milk faster," said one. "A horse can remember all the houses along the route and walk to them," said another, "Thus I can spend

my time thinking about delivering milk rather than worrying about traffic, or where to go next."

The manager told me later that each horse used here in Midland knows two routes, because milk is delivered on alternate days. In fact one substitute horse at the barn knows all the 12 different routes so that he can be used in emergencies. If this horse is led to the first three or four houses along any one of the 12 routes, he can automatically follow the rest of the route.

It is interesting to know that new drivers are trained by being sent out on a milk route with the horse who knows the route and which houses buy milk.

The day I visited the dairy was especially wet and muddy. All the wagon drivers had finished their routes. Their horses had pulled the wagons through mud as deep as 6 or 8 inches. The three milk trucks (used on RFD routes and for commercial deliveries) had kept one tow truck busy all day long pulling them out of the mud.

A horse will travel 15 to 20 miles on his daily route. They generally leave about 6:30 or 7:30 in the morning, and return to the barn sometime after lunch. The horses obey voice commands, cross streets carefully, and usually stop for red lights. It is such a pleasant sight to see them walking slowly down the street. I hope they will never be exchanged for trucks here.

—The Christian Science Monitor



If you don't think horses are smart ask this mother and her colt.

American Dwarf Animals

By Stanley Stotz

HORSES only two feet tall, and some no bigger than large dogs," the old guide told artist Ernest W. Ritter, who was painting scenes in the Grand Canyon in Wyoming. Ritter, an explorer and adventurer as well as artist, could hardly believe what the old man told him, but he decided to find out if the story were true.

He learned that many years before some horses of normal size, belonging to a tribe of Indians, had been trapped in a part of the Grand Canyon that was sealed off by Nature. Escape was impossible for the trapped horses, and the Indians had not been able to find them. The natural pen-like prison provided no adequate water or food supplies for the trapped horses, and through generations of inbreeding and malnutrition they began to produce midget or dwarfed horses which could reproduce themselves like midgets of the human race.

Some years later, artist Ritter, with the aid of a crude map given him by the old guide, searched for the "lost canyon" of the miniature horses, and with ropes two thousand feet long, dangling into an almost bottomless pit, finally found the little horses in a part of the Grand Canyon that had apparently never been seen by a white man. Some of the little creatures were captured and brought out in the arms of Ritter with the aid of ropes and block and tackle.

The miniature horses were exhibited in many parts of the United States by their discoverer.

The accompanying picture shows one of the little horses photographed beside a farm horse of normal development to show comparative sizes.

The miniature horses found in the Grand Canyon are not the only minia-



—Copyright, E. W. Ritter

Picture shows comparison between normal and dwarf sizes.

tures of the animal kingdom found in America, for in November, 1949, G. D. Bradford, of Arp, Texas, found a wild boar *only six inches high!* It is said that when discovered, the tiny boar charged with all the ferocity of a full-grown wild boar. This miniature creature, called a javelina, could have been an atavistic "throw-back" from the now extinct *entelodont*, the giant pig of the Oligocene Age, the pre-historic ancestor of all swine.

In South America, the Indians domesticated, and made pack animals of the llamas, the miniature camels of the New World. Llamas are descended from that queer beast of the Miocene Age called the *oxydactylus*, which had the body of a camel and a long neck like a giraffe. There is evidence that the *oxydactylus*, giraffe-camels with long necks, and other camels, roamed over South America, but the larger animals made their way to Asia before the last

ice bridge of the Ice Age melted. The llamas of South America, camels without humps, average about three feet in height at the shoulder, while the true camels of Asia, Arabia, and elsewhere are six feet or more at the shoulder.

Although no dwarf specimens of America's famous buffaloes, or bison, are known to exist, these beasts are descended from the now extinct aurochs, which the Germans called the *Urochs*, meaning original ox. In Europe, domestic cattle are sprung from the aurochs, and the neat cattle of Scandinavia are close relatives of the American bison or buffalo. Buried in an under-ground cave in Altimira, Spain, was found a painting made ages ago by cave men, and it looks exactly like the American bison. The painting, apparently done by torch-light, was made before the last remnants of the aurochs disappeared in Europe.



Rocky Mountain Goat



Brahman Bull



Mohr (West African Gazelle)



Hereford Bull



Bighorn Sheep

HORNS usually grow on the heads of hoofed animals—creatures that do not possess sharp claws and teeth.

If you were asked to name some animals wearing horns, you might mention cows, bulls, sheep, goats and deer. After thinking a while you would probably add, the buffalo, antelope and the rhinoceros; but that would not cover the entire list, for there are a surprisingly large number of creatures possessing horns.

Are the horns of the animals you mentioned all alike in shape and texture? No! Look at the accompanying sketches. Here are fourteen sets of horns, and no two are alike! And there are many other variations of shape and length.

The horns of the rhinoceros grow on or near his nose, and consist exclusively of horny matter. The horns of the deer family are called antlers. They are composed of bone, and are shed annually. The horns of sheep, oxen and antelopes consist of a bony core covered by a horny sheath. Such horns are not shed, and must last the creature its lifetime.

The PRONGHORN ANTELOPE is an exception to this rule. Its odd looking horns are hollow shells that fit tightly over bony cores. New outer sheaths grow every year.

Frequently the male animal alone has horns. If the female also possesses them, as a rule they are smaller and less formidable. However, both cows and bulls of our cattle possess full size horns.

Why has Nature given certain animals horns, and why are they so different?

If you study the lives of the creatures whose heads are adorned by horns, you will discover that each animal uses his particular kind of horns as a weapon of defense. Many clever animals have discovered other uses for their horns.

The ANOA, a small buffalo confined to the Island of Celebes (between Borneo and Australia), uses his to force a passage through the thick rattan cane of the forests in which he lives. As the Anoa's horns curve up and then back, he also uses them to tear or lift leafy obstacles out of his path, much in the same way as we would use a hayfork.



Moose



Water Buffalo

Those Useful

by J. Dyer

Reproduced through the courtesy of An

The BABIRUSSA (malay, meaning "hog-deer") lives on the same island. He is a pig-like animal with long legs. As he roams about in search of food, he uses his huge curved-back "tusks" to butt or tear a path through the tangled growth of the jungles.

The long horns of the MUSK OX first turn down, then they curve outward, and the sharp points tip up. These long-haired creatures of the far north usually travel in herds of sixteen to thirty. As the females also possess horns, when wolves, or other enemies threaten them, the herd immediately backs into a circle with the calves in the center. Then they dare the wolves to approach. If one grows sufficiently daring and darts forward, several huge beasts instantly dash in his direction. The oncoming, menacing horns look so formidable that the wolf beats a hasty retreat.

Possibly you have seen domestic goats butting some object with their horns. Wild MOUNTAIN GOATS use their black curved horns in much the same way. They frequently get the best of any wolf, lynx or mountain coyote that tries to attack them. The mountain goat is really an antelope. But as he wears a white shaggy coat, and has a bearded chin, he resembles a goat. This accounts for his name.

The horns of the BIGHORN SHEEP grow on either side of his head like two huge watch springs. The female's horns are smaller and less curved. These wild sheep live on the



Musk Ox



Whitetail Deer



Antelope (Genus Oryx seen in profile with one horn hiding the other)



Pronghorn Antelope



Sable Antelope

Useful Horns

Dyer Kuenstler

Artistry of American Childhood and the author

mountain above the tree line, but come lower for food, when forced down by deep snow.

The SABLE ANTELOPE possesses the heaviest horns of the entire antelope tribe. These large crinkled horns grow up from his forehead and curve backward over his head.

We have all heard of the fabulous creature called the UNICORN. He is supposed to resemble a horse with a single straight horn growing up from the top of his head. This fable may have arisen from accounts of early travelers, who caught glimpses of an African antelope of the genus ORYX, which is adorned by long, straight horns growing up from its forehead. When seen by side view, in certain positions, one horn hides the other, then the antelope appears to possess just one horn.

The flattened out, spiral or corkscrew horns worn by the MARKHOR look almost artificial. We seldom see pictures of this animal, as he lives on the mountains north and south of Cashmir. An African antelope called the KOODOO has similar horns.

The WATER BUFFALO of South Africa has the reputation of being a very fierce creature. The view of this buffalo in the sketch as he bends forward to drink, gives his long, curved, ribbed horns an unusual appearance.

Some people think that of all the different horns worn by animals, the heavy flattened antlers of the MOOSE are the

most extraordinary. The head of a mature Canadian moose carries a set of broad-bladed antlers that may spread out for nearly six feet, and weigh about 85 pounds.

The WAPITI from Canada possesses heavy stag-like branching antlers that sweep backwards over his shoulders.

The bucks of the whitetail, red, mule and other kinds of deer all use their antlers in defense. Among the younger males butting and sparring matches frequently take place. And the full-grown bucks use their antlers to settle disputes that arise with other bucks of their tribe.

During April or May the males start growing a new set of antlers, which are at first covered with skin. They grow rapidly and by late August they are usually fully formed. The skin then shrivels, and the bucks wear it off by rubbing their antlers against branches of trees.

Each year the male's antlers grow a little larger than the last, until he reaches his prime. Then as he gradually declines in vigor, his antlers become correspondingly smaller.

The female CARIBOU possesses antlers which she also grows every year, but as a rule the ladies of the American Deer tribe do not possess antlers.

Hunters rarely come across many perfect sets of cast-off antlers. What do you suppose happens to them? You would never guess! Mice, rabbits, squirrels and other rodents gnaw them, for the fallen antlers contain calcium and other minerals which are good for these small furry creatures. If they are not eaten, the antlers slowly rot away in the hot sun and driving rain.

The charming, graceful REINDEER that we associate with the Christmas Season are descendants from domesticated OLD WORLD CARIBOU deer. Years ago, herds of this heavy antlered, big footed deer were taken from Siberia to Alaska, where they settled down and multiplied. They now provide the Eskimos with milk, food, fur and hides.

The Laplanders frequently use the reindeer in the place of a horse. A team of these useful creatures can pull a well-weighted sledge at a speed of ten miles per hour.



Wapiti



Markhor (wild goat of India)



They like their special bathtub.

Farmer Adopts Robins

By Fern Berry

WHEN a hailstorm destroyed their nest on a farm near the village of Marion, Michigan, two young robins were "adopted" by the farmer, Mr. Charles Walton, Mrs. Walton and their two sons, LeRoy, 6, and Glen, 3. They kept the two small birds which were so young that they were not feathered out, in a box in the house until they got their plumage. They fed them earthworms, bits of hamburger or other meat, even bread crumbs, which the greedy birds ate with relish.

When the birds, which the boys had named "Terry" and "Jerry," learned to fly they were put outside. The parents had abandoned them when the nest was destroyed but when the young birds were placed outside, the parents tried to feed them, but the two would have none of their feeding. They would accept food only from their adopted parents.

In mid-July the birds were flying freely about the farm and would follow the farmer about as he tried to hoe his garden, getting in the way of the hoe. They liked best the earthworms, but would eat almost anything, making no effort to find food for themselves. They were fond of taking a bath in the small dish reserved for them.

THE richness of our lives, creative and receptive, depends on how closely we identify ourselves with the struggles and problems, individual and social, as well as with the hopes and ideals of the age in which we live.

—Anita Block

"Mrs. Beagle" Dines Out

By Ruth W. Young

SHE'S fat and she doesn't care. Her dining car meals are most acceptable as long as they are forthcoming.

We mean "Mrs. Beagle," who for some time has met two or three trains a day at Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Since Mrs. Beagle makes her home with the Ward Kerns family adjacent to the New York Central System tracks, it is very convenient for her to make her trips to her feeding station.

Sitting in her chair on the Kerns porch, she rests between trips, not paying the slightest heed to the numerous freights and other passenger trains without diners. The familiar whistles of her favorites rouse Mrs. Beagle and before long she is on her way across the street



Mrs. Beagle accepts a morsel.

and down the station platform to take her post. Her guess is not far wrong and she is fed tidbits by the dining car stewards who know her — but great is the disappointment if they are new attendants and strange to her ways.

During the recent railroad strike, Mrs. Beagle patiently waited at the appointed times without success. Reluctantly she trudged homeward, just about the most dejected object you could imagine. For the duration she waddled to her accustomed stand hopelessly, but to no avail. Finally, she did grudgingly eat what was served her at home. A lady has to live!

She was soon back to normal and now treks back and forth, resting in her easy chair to get ready for the next journey for food.

Better World Today

YOU are very essential to the happiness of the world. Your little services to others may pass unnoticed, but the sum of all such helpfulness is what makes the world better today than it was yesterday, and builds up our civilization.

—Anthony Hope

Shocked Redwings

By George A. Smith

THREE baby redwings were shocked and so was farmer George P. Morton of McConnellsburg, Pa., when he discovered that a nestful of young redwing blackbirds had gone through his grain binder and were tied up in a sheaf of wheat. Close examination of the nest disclosed that the baby birds appeared to be unharmed.

With a kindly interest toward the preservation of this nestful of young redwings, Mr. Morton carefully separated the straw surrounding the opening into the nest, and then placed the sheaf of wheat in an upright position near the spot where the nest was originally located.

When Mr. Morton returned to the grain field after supper that evening to check further on the outcome of the shocked redwings, he was pleased to find that the mother redwing was feeding and caring for her fledglings in a normal manner. The only apparent ill effects from this ordeal was that the baby birds had missed a meal or two before the mother redwing had discovered the new location of her hungry babies.



Nest in the sheaf of wheat.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Four-Legged Smoke Eaters

By C. E. Cunningham

THE five-story tenement house was completely enveloped in flame as grim-faced firemen shot streams of water into its many windows. The heat was almost unbearable. Something was seen moving in the rolls of dense, acrid smoke billowing out the door. Then the fire fighters were startled by the realization that "Nick," their dalmatian mascot, was making his way towards them after emerging from the veritable inferno. In his teeth, Nick carried an unconscious cat. For this heroic act, Nick was awarded a medal.

Dogs in the New York Fire Department date back to the era when fire engines were horse-drawn and it was a common sight to see a proud canine trotting along beneath the carriage, as the men in blue responded to an alarm. Today, the firehouse without a mascot is the exception. Nearly all the dogs are dalmatians, a deviation from the pre-automotive days when many breeds were represented.

A large volume would be required to record the numerous heroic deeds of the beloved "fire dogs" of the past half century. Perhaps the most famous of them all was "Boots," the fearless mascot of a Manhattan Engine Company. At a two-alarm fire he located a sleeping child in the thick, soupy smoke and barked loudly until help arrived. On another occasion, in the wee hours of the morning when the smoke eaters were bedded down in the bunkroom, he discovered a would-be burglar who had



—Acme Photo

"Boots," a dalmatian fire dog, nuzzles anxiously at the cap of one of his masters, Lt. Herbert H. Ludemann of the New York City Fire Department, as another fireman revives his comrade, who was felled by smoke at a three-alarm fire.

climbed through a window in the rear of the firehouse. "Boots" backed the frightened individual into a corner and howled until the fireman on house-watch came back to find out the real cause of the disturbance. But "Boots" was happiest as a real "worker," the kind of a fire where the heat sears the skin and the smoke burns the eyes and chokes the throat. The men on the hoseline, fighting desperately to beat back the savage flame, could always depend upon the moral support of "Boots" who would be right up where the going was the roughest. Countless times an unconscious "Boots" was carried from a burning building and given the same inhalator treatment that his smoke-eating friends received.

The men of a Bronx Hook and Ladder Company were greatly saddened recently when three-year-old "Bubby" lost his sight in the line of duty. A combination of sadness and anger were the emotions felt by the members of Engine 283

when somebody killed their friendly dalmatian "Clown." The firemen pooled their resources and advertised a reward of one hundred dollars for information leading to the conviction of the inhuman fiend who had perpetrated this brutal act.

"Cappy," the well-groomed dalmatian of Engine 65 poses for professional photographs between fires. There is a respectable sum of money to his credit in the kitty. A few years ago, Cappy, was in an animal hospital suffering with pneumonia. A fire broke out, unobserved, in an abandoned building across the street from the hospital. Cappy smelled smoke and raised such a rumpus that the attendant, realizing something was wrong, discovered the fire and turned in the alarm. Such deeds of the "fire dogs" fill the unofficial record of Fire Department history. The men who are known as "New York's Bravest" can be justifiably proud of their little pals, the four-legged smoke eaters.

Goats Are Useful as Well as Good Pets

By Fern Berry

IN some sections of the country goats are widely used as milking herds and Michigan has some fine goat herds, too. At Marion, Osceola county, Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Downing own a herd of thirteen goats which furnishes them with milk and cheese and makes a good profit-

able return in milk sold and in the use that is made of the animals by using them to raise veal calves for the market. The calves make a greater gain and at a greater economy than if fed on cow's milk. You can keep about four or five goats for what you have to feed one cow.

Contrary to many beliefs that goats are smelly or that they eat anything, the Downings find that their herd is clean and have no odor, and "won't even eat an apple that has been bitten into."

They are playful creatures and it is most amusing to watch them frolic.

Eighty-third Annual Report

For the Year Ending December 31, 1950

THE following statistical reports represent but a small portion of the work done by our two Societies during the past year. These reports, however, have reached such volume that they are being printed in another form and will be sent separately to each member of the Societies. We must confine our remarks here simply to extending our heartfelt thanks to our many friends and supporters who, despite the heavy burdens imposed upon them, helped us to carry the responsibility of meeting the ever-increasing cost of operation. Without such aid, we should not have been able to carry on our activities in the various facets of our work of animal protection.

ANIMALS TREATED IN BOSTON HOSPITAL DURING 1950

Hospital cases	11,025
Dispensary	20,121
Operations	4,432

ANIMALS TREATED IN SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL DURING 1950

Hospital cases	4,338
Dispensary	11,455
Operations	2,065

ANIMALS TREATED IN MARTHA'S VINEYARD-NANTUCKET CLINIC DURING 1950

Hospital cases	545
Dispensary	1,563
Operations	248
Outside calls (large animals)	190

SUMMARY

Total cases treated in Boston	31,146
Total cases treated in Springfield	15,793
Total cases treated in Martha's Vineyard-Nantucket	2,298
	49,237
Cases in Hospital since opening, March 1, 1915	326,875
Cases in Dispensary since opening, March 1, 1915	810,685
	1,137,560

REPORT OF CHIEF PROSECUTING OFFICER FOR THE ENTIRE STATE

Herman N. Dean, Chief Officer

Complaints investigated	2,172
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	31,586
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	694,855
(at railroad yards)	10,475
(at auctions)	3,999
Total animals inspected	740,915
Prosecutions	33
Convictions	29
Ambulance calls	8,431
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	1,095
(placed in homes)	4,554
(humanely put to sleep)	40,768
Horses (taken from work)	60
(humanely put to sleep)	71
Total animals handled	47,042
Ambulance mileage	271,040

BOSTON SHELTER

Complaints investigated	808
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	8,930
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	635,732
Total animals inspected	644,662
Prosecutions	5
Convictions	5
Ambulance calls	4,377
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	232
(placed in homes)	1,207
(humanely put to sleep)	10,173
Horses (taken from work)	4
(humanely put to sleep)	25
Total animals handled	11,641
Ambulance mileage	57,338

SPRINGFIELD SHELTER

Charles B. Marsh, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	606
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	7,122
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	52,236
(at railroad yards)	10,475
Total animals inspected	69,833
Prosecutions	7
Convictions	6
Ambulance calls	2,283
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	650
(placed in homes)	2,185
(humanely put to sleep)	12,168
Horses (taken from work)	26
(humanely put to sleep)	9
Total animals handled	15,038
Ambulance mileage	43,157

PITTSFIELD SHELTER

T. King Haswell, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	196
Animals inspected on investigations	5,178
Ambulance calls	2,304
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	47
(placed in homes)	278
(humanely put to sleep)	4,484
Horses (taken from work)	4
(humanely put to sleep)	2
Total animals handled	4,815
Ambulance mileage	26,256

NEW BEDFORD SHELTER

Charles E. Brown, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	145
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	1,135
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	2,558
(at auctions)	1,356
Total animals inspected	5,049
Prosecutions	8
Convictions	6
Ambulance calls	3
Small animals (placed in homes)	1
(humanely put to sleep)	8
Horses (taken from work)	7
(humanely put to sleep)	2
Total animals handled	18
Ambulance mileage	35,487

ATTLEBORO SHELTER

William J. Lees, Shelter Manager

Ambulance calls	599
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	20
(placed in homes)	152
(humanely put to sleep)	2,400
Total animals handled	2,572
Ambulance mileage	5,775

BROCKTON SHELTER

Herbert C. Liscomb, Shelter Manager

Ambulance calls	494
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	4
(placed in homes)	130
(humanely put to sleep)	3,936
Total animals handled	4,564
Ambulance mileage	4,905

HYANNIS SHELTER

Harold G. Andrews, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	37
Animals inspected on investigations	683
Prosecutions	1
Convictions	1
Ambulance calls	572
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	6
(placed in homes)	2
(humanely put to sleep)	1,058
Horses humanely put to sleep	2
Total animals handled	1,068
Ambulance mileage	33,364

WENHAM SHELTER

John T. Brown, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	194
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	4,939
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	516
(at auctions)	1,801
Total animals inspected	7,256
Prosecutions	7
Convictions	6
Ambulance calls	177
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	20
(placed in homes)	108
(humanely put to sleep)	1,184
Horses (taken from work)	19
(humanely put to sleep)	13
Total animals handled	1,344
Ambulance mileage	19,425

METHUEN SHELTER

Joseph E. Haswell, Superintendent

Ambulance calls	1,930
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	36
(placed in homes)	371
(humanely put to sleep)	4,566
Horses humanely put to sleep	14
Total animals handled	4,987
Ambulance mileage	17,449

WORCESTER SHELTER

Harry C. Smith, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	115
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	3,453
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	3,813
(at auctions)	842
Total animals inspected	8,108
Prosecutions	5
Convictions	5
Small animals (placed in homes)	6
(humanely put to sleep)	9
Horses humanely put to sleep	3
Total animals handled	18
Ambulance mileage	15,750

MARTHA'S VINEYARD SHELTER

W. D. Jones, D.V.M., Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	57
Animals inspected on investigations	122
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	71
(placed in homes)	93
(humanely put to sleep)	492
Total animals handled	656
Ambulance mileage	10,402

NANTUCKET SHELTER

Ernest S. Lema, Jr., Shelter Manager

Complaints investigated	14
Animals inspected on investigations	24
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	9
(placed in homes)	21
(humanely put to sleep)	290
Horses humanely put to sleep	1
Total animals handled	321
Ambulance mileage	1,732

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

Jane Ellen and Her Pets



Jane Ellen talks to her pet goat through the wire fence, then lets him out and gives him a big feed of corn and oats. "Billy" buries his head in his dinner and waves his tail in delight.



Perfectly happy now, "Billy" cuddles up to Jane and puts his head on her shoulder. He is very fond of his little mistress and will often go to sleep with his head on her shoulder.



Jane Ellen leaves on the school bus and "Corky" watches from the doorway. He misses her very much, so he says to himself—



"I'll just sit in the window and wait for Jane to come home. My life is very dull when she is away. Perhaps I can catch a little nap."



"Oh, boy, the school bus is here again. — I see her getting off. She sees me — I'll wag my tail so she will know how glad I am to see her."

CHILDREN'S PAGE



"Stumbletoes"

Diary

By Estelle Delano Clifton

MY, but I had fun today. Two exciting things happened. First, my master told me I could go to ride with him. I jumped all over the car — from the back seat to the front seat, until my master told me I must be more quiet. But he wasn't cross, because he understands how hard it is for a little puppy like me to keep still. And besides, this was my first ride.

The car window was open so I could stick my nose out. I liked that. It's a funny feeling riding in a car. The trees and fields go whizzing by so fast; I wonder where they go.

I saw a few dogs and had a good time barking at them, but my master told me I musn't be so noisy. I barked mostly because I wanted them to see me. I wonder if they have cars, too.

My master stopped and got out in two or three places. I tried to jump out, too, but my master said I musn't because I might get lost or something. The last time he was quite cross, so I didn't try it again. I like my master better than doing what I want to do, or anyway most of the time.

The second thing that happened was about "Scuddlums." When I got home she came sidling up to me and rubbed against my legs. I was so excited I wanted to play with her like I do with "Laddie," but my master said quite sternly: "Careful now! Scuddlums is still a little scared." So I kept as still as could be.

Scuddlums is a lot fatter than she was. Her fur is soft when she rubs against me, and there aren't any more burrs in her tail. The folks say I musn't keep trying to swipe her food because she's so much thinner than I am and needs the food more.

But I like her food, and I like trying to swipe it. I don't like being scolded, though, when I get caught. So sometimes I just don't know what to do.

Answer to February Puzzle: ACROSS — 1. Pen, 3. Oz., 6. Bone, 7. Sin, 9. Lb., 10. Re, 12. R. R., 13. Tumor, 15. In, 16. Fa, 17. Shoe. DOWN — 1. Pine, 2. No, 4. Zebra, 5. LI, 7. Sea, 8. Note, 11. Sun, 13. Tin, 14. Mae, 16. Foe, 17. Sr.

March 1951

The Beaver's Tail

By Laura Alice Boyd

MANY strange stories are told about the use a beaver makes of his flat oval tail. Some of these are true but some are false. When danger threatens the first beaver to recognize peril strikes the water a resounding whack with his tail. This is the signal for all the beavers to dive into deep water or to remain hidden in their dwellings. When a beaver is at work gnawing a tree, he sits on his hind legs and uses his tail to help keep his balance. A beaver does not carry mud on his tail nor use it for a trowel when building a dam. Both of these operations are performed by his front paws which he uses as if they were hands but when he has his "hands" full of mud and walks on his hind feet he will use his tail to help support his body.

MY little kitten is fluffy and fat. She is yellow. Her name is "Sandy." She plays all day long, and when she is tired she sits in my lap and goes to sleep. She likes me best of all.

—Ann Watson (Age 10)

The Surprise

By Vicki Dorothy

ON Halloween my dog, "Lady," got puppies. I yelled to Mother and Father, "Lady's got puppies." Mother and Father said, "no kidding." Father went downstairs and saw the three puppies. I said I wanted to telephone Dossie and Ann.



—Photo by Harry Simard, Record-American

Proud mother with her three puppies.



"Happy" with Character Bottles from the collection of Clarence T. Hubbard.

Animals I Can See Through

By "Happy"—Seven-year-old Persian
Interpreted by Clarence T. Hubbard

FOR seven years now I've lived among the queerest assortment of bottles you ever saw. Antique Character Bottles they call them.

Of course, I jumped up to where they keep them lots of times but I have never broken a single one. I like to scare the family!

But, you know, those bottles got me thinking. People must think a great deal of us cats and dogs and birds. Really. They make us into statues! That's what these bottles are—statues in glass.

Let me tell you about some of them. There's a twelve-inch-high bottle—I measured it with my paws—they call it a French Wine Bottle. It's shaped like a kitty, sitting on a hassock, a fancy hassock at that. Looks a little like me! But I spend little time sitting on hassocks. I prefer to lie on clean beds.

Another one of these Characters, also twelve inches high, is a cat with a Cheshire grin. It's sitting up, very self-satisfyingly, and with a bow around its neck. Even though I'm a little girl, I never let them do that to me. I've brushed this bottle several times. How that gets them!

But over on a lower shelf there is a bottle four inches long and filled with a fluid, sort of vaseline color. The neck of the bottle is in the tail. I always thought it was a pig but I heard them

explain that it was a bear. It is dated 1880, and contains hair oil. They explained that's why Grandma used anti-macassars—to protect the backs of chairs from the oiled up hair of the Grandpas of those days.

I kinda like the blue bottle up on the top shelf which I can't reach. It's seven inches high, shaped like a dog sitting on its haunches, and a little blue cup sits on its head. The glass is stippled. Nice doggie, but somewhat sad-faced.

There's a frosted glass St. Bernard with a removable head. Has a collar with a catch for a bottle of brandy. Came from the South. Quite a bottle, ten inches high.

But I don't quite like the pug dog stare in that little perfume bottle, four inches high. But he was a favorite in the old days.

Last year a new perfume company brought out a cute little dog bottle. I look him over quite often.

But that pink owl in stippled glass gets me. Sits there as silent—well, as silent as an owl. Seems to be holding something out. Funny bird. Down on a lower shelf is a smaller owl bottle. Even his feathers show up nice and clear.

There is an elephant bottle in clear glass—his trunk is half up high with a ball for a stopper. Sshh—they told me it's an old whisky bottle.

Would you believe it—there are bottle bears? One is a milk glass, quite high an old antique container for Russian Kummel—and he has a brother in dark green glass. And another, smaller in size, who holds onto a pole while standing up. Showing off, says I.

And I simply can't scare Bre'r Rabbit—he's only six inches high, stands with his ears sticking up straight.

There are two bottles I'd like to knock over—that old lobster-shaped bottle, makes me hungry, and the two fish-shaped bottles in amber.

Of course, I'm kind of proud of the Puss-in-Boots, a cute little sister kitty peeking out of an old shoe. Quite a bottle I say.

There are a lot more, I understand—kittens, dogs, canary birds, parrots. I'd rather be alive than to be a bottle, but it is nice that our forefathers did so honor us, don't you think?

Humane Agent's Leaflet

A LEAFLET entitled "Humane Agent's Place in Livestock Loss Prevention," by John C. Macfarlane, Director of the Livestock Loss Prevention Department, has recently been published by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This deals with farm animals, their transportation by truck and by railroad, auction sales, and tells of the great loss yearly to owners and operators of packing plants, due to the bruising and crippling of animals during transportation, offering practical suggestions for avoiding such losses.

Aside from the cruelty involved in the careless handling of animals, it is of interest to all that these animals should be protected and handled in the most humane manner possible.

Sample copies will gladly be sent free. Larger quantities are \$1.00 a hundred. Write to Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors two radio programs.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 9:00 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 9:15 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

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An attractive new Junior Humane Society button, on red ground, with cat and dog in black and white, and bird in blue, now ready for distribution. Button and membership card are 5 cents. There is a ten per cent discount on large quantities.

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1951.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

PRIZES

First Prize	\$25.00
Second Prize	15.00
Third Prize	5.00
Ten \$3.00 prizes	
Ten \$2.00 prizes	

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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